

me; that, wherever I go, I cannot get beyond the sphere of His influence; whatever I do, I cannot conceal my doing from Him.

So again: Do you understand the relations between God the Father and Christ His Son? If you do, by all means explain them, if you can, to your child; but if you do not understand them yourself, do not try to explain them to your child. I do not understand them, so I should not try to explain them. If my child spoke of Christmas as God's birthday, I should let it pass without explanation. If he asked me how Christ could be God's Son, I should tell him, perhaps, something of the story of Christ's birth, and then I should say to him, "God is so great that we cannot understand Him. So He sent Christ into the world, and told us that He was like Christ." Perhaps I would say to him, "How would you like to have me come to school some day, and be a little boy like you, and study and play as you do, and show you just how I should like to have you study and play?" And his eyes would sparkle, and he would say, "Wouldn't that be great fun?" "Yes," I would say, "it would be great fun; and I wish I could do it; but I cannot; but this is just what God has done; He has come to our earth to live with us to show He wants us to live; and that is why we study His life and why we love Him so."

The second principle is, Do not take life too seriously with your child. He is living in the playtime of life; live in the playtime of life with him.

You are passing through the sitting-room; he has two chairs harnessed together, a bit of string for reins, a chair and a sofa for a stage coach, and is driving his high-spirited horses, and having a glorious time. You do not stop him, and say, "My child, these are not horses, these are chairs; and this is not a pair of reins, it is only a bit of string which could not hold a pair of horses for a minute; and this is not a stage, it is only an old sofa." You hold up your hand and say, "Hold on stage driver! where are you going?" and when he says, "To Wethersfield," you reply, "Just where I am going; will you take me?" And you get in, and he cracks his whip and starts his team, and you fall into conversation with him. If he whips his horses too much, you quote the example of the stage-driver who is his especial admiration; perhaps you even contrive a little socket for his whip. You enter into his childlife and share it with him.

Why not share all his child illusions, including his Santa Claus? He will learn the serious side of life soon enough. Let him live in the world his imagination makes, and live with him there, and so prepare him to live in the other and real world when he gets older. The boy who drives a team of chairs is learning to drive a pair of horses; the girl who nurses a doll through scarlet fever is taking a first lesson in the more serious nursing of future life. Imagining life is God's way of preparing us for real life, take advantage of it. And in doing so do not be too didactic; first be yourself a child; live with your child's life; and let the influence of your presence do its own teaching.

Charlie's Opportunity

S. S. Visitor.

Charlie was out behind the grape arbor, jumping up and down as hard and as fast as ever he could. That was the way he worked off enthusiasm. Some boys would have thrown up their hats and yelled; some would have stood on their heads. Charlie's way was different; he went behind the arbor and jumped.

And the cause was an accidental discovery that father had ordered the liveryman to bring round a carriage after dinner, and that they were going on a long drive to the beach and lighthouse. That was the drive he liked best of all, and one he had not taken since last summer; so his joy was too great to hold, and he jumped.

When he became exhausted he went back to his seat on the front steps; but even there his eyes continued to snap, and his uneasy feet to tap forth the overflow of his gladness.

He was not eavesdropping, for he thought there was no secret about the matter; but father and mother supposed he was out in the yard somewhere playing.

"I'm sorry," father was saying, "but only four can go in the carriage, even by crowding. Esther will be one, of course; so either Charlie or Freddy will have to stay behind."

Realizing that the conversation was not intended for him, Charlie put his hands to his ears and slipped quietly away. Stay behind? Not he. Of course, Esther would go, and he, too. Were they not the family? Freddy—his face lengthened suddenly. Freddy was a neighbor's boy, who was too weak and lame for much walking. Lately, father and mother had been taking him to ride whenever they could. A trip to the beach would do him good, Charlie told himself grimly and with tightening lips; yes, he needed it a great deal more than a big, healthy boy.

Charlie went behind the grape arbor again but not to jump; and he remained there a long time, silent and motionless. At length he went into the house.

"Mother," he said, steadily, "may I go down to Will Brown's this afternoon?"

She looked at him with a quick relief in her eyes.

"Yes, Charlie, if you want to," she answered. "I hope you will have a good time."

But he turned abruptly and slipped outdoors again, for fear she might read something different in his face.

At the call of Jesus Matthew "arose and followed him." He asked no questions as to what following meant. He was weary of his life of reproach and the world's hate. It was an example of prompt obedience; he believed Christ and followed him. When Christ bids us follow him we may safely put ourselves into his hands, for he will lead us aright.

The best proof that one's sins are forgiven is the new life, new walk and conversation.

Sisters' Society C. E.

New Enterprise, Ind.

Dear reader of the S. S. C. E. column: Perhaps it will be interesting to some of the sisters to hear what we (tho small in number) are doing as an S. S. C. E. organization.

We organized with only nine members but have been gaining slowly until now we number twenty-one. There are still others we would like to have with us but they say "not now".

We have only had two work meetings. I cannot say very much in regard to them because I was not permitted to be present either time but they report very good meetings.

Then our meetings at the church which thru the earnest effort of our dear Brother Hubbard (who is so strong in the Brethren faith and also in the work of the S. S. C. E.) was success each time.

As we have done nothing yet for the mission work I want every member to keep in mind what C. H. Spurgeon has said: "As you learn, teach; as you get give; as you receive, distribute;" then I think we with the rest will do our part. May we do our duty so it may be said of us as of Dr. John Hall.

"Servant of God, well done!

Rest from thy loved employ;

The battle fought, the victory won,

Enter thy Master's joy?

The pains of death are past,

Labor and sorrow cease.

And life, a long warfare closed at last,

His soul is found in peace."

MRS. MONA KERCHER, Sec.

Roann, Ind.

From the Field

This will be my last report of field work for the winter. A day such as Sunday before Christmas proved to be is a partial reason why. The weather was extremely rough, and I was at New Troy, Michigan, where two meetings were appointed for Sunday. The wind has a four-miles sweep from across Lake Michigan, and all day long the "breezes" freighted with snowflakes, kept up their fury. This lessened the attendance somewhat but it was not stormy enough to keep most of the faithful ones away from church. While the weather is so unsettled, it is better to wait to visit the western churches until the appointments are more certain. It was a privilege to hear the New Troy Sunday school practice for their entertainment Christmas night. Their program was uplifting as well as entertaining, being strictly a missionary service. A similar program would be well for that occasional open meeting of our societies.

Monday morning I returned to Indiana to remain several days at Brother Augustine's, my "Christmas home"—a gift, the value of which cannot be measured with money. In the meantime, I filled my appointment at Fairview, which was the last of the Indiana churches visited, also the closing meeting of my work for the season. The weather had continued stormy, the audience was one of